MAGAZINE FEATURES

## THE NEWS SCIMITAR DAILY COMIC PAGE



UNCLE WIGGILY AND BUNTY'S PARTY

right, 1919, by McClure Newspa-rper Syndicate.) carrot with a long and siender tail, and when it went out walking it swam in the water pall. BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

My goodness me, sakes alive, Nurse et" cried Uncle Wiggily Longears morning, as he came downstairs his hollow stump bungalow. "Why you making so many cakes, piesi jam tarts? You have enough fer picnic!"

These are for Baby Bunty." expined the muskrat lady housekeeper. "What! Is she going to eat all those."

These are for Baby Bunty." expined the muskrat lady housekeeper. "What! Is she going to eat all those."

Oh, I'm going to let her have a play ty in the yard," explained Miss Furward." explained Miss Furward." "But you'll come to her party a little girl lately, and when she ded me if she couldn't have a party, to h, not at all." Not at all." quickly ed Uncle Wiggily. "If Baby Bunty a party she won't want me to chase, or play tag, or go off to the woods keep young and from getting stiff, she has a party I can have a good ep and rest."

But you'll come to her party a little file, won't you?" asked Nurse Jane, ist look in to be polite, you know."

When it went out walking it swam in the water pall. "Now everybody begin to eat!" invited Baby Bunty "Oh, isn't it fun to have a party! Uncle Wiggily, please pass Jackle Bow Wow a puppy cake!"

Uncle Wiggily, who had picked out a nice shady corner, and was just testing his eyes, opened them again, and passed the iittle doggle boy a cake.

"Til just sit here quietly." thought Uncle Wiggily to himself. "Pretty soon they'll all be so busy eating that they won't notice me. Then I can go to steep and forget about my rheumatism."

The animal children were laughing and talking, and also eating that they won't notice me. Then I can go to hings. Uncle Wiggily eyes were closed. He was dreaming ne and Grandpa Goosey Gander were pisying Scotch checkers, when, all of a sudden, Baby Bunty sale.

"Uncle Wiggily please pass Nannie Wagtail some paste pudding."

"Eh! What's that' Oh, I guess I had my eyes shut!" said the bunny genileman. But he passed the paste pudding to the little going to sleep again, when Bunty said the bunny genileman. But he passed the paste p if jam tarts? You have enough fer plenie!"
These are for Baby Bunty!" exined the muskrat lady housekeeper. What! Is she going to eat all those?' ked Uncle Wigglly, surprised-like, not say disconcerted.
Oh, I'm going to let her have a play riy in the yard," explained Miss Fuz-wuzzy. "Baby Bunty has been a sod little girl lately, and when she ked me if she couldn't have a party, th real cakes and cookles, I said yea, hope you don't mind."
Oh, not at all. Not at all." quickly led Uncle Wigglly. "If Baby Bunty is a party she won't want me to chase r, or play tag, or go off to the woods keep young and from getting stiff, she has a party I can have a good ep and rest."
But you'll come to her party a little hile, won't you?" asked Nurse Jane, ust look in to be polite, you know."
'Oh, yes," answered the rabbit gensman. "I'll just drop in for a cup tea."
Baby Bunty was delighted to have a

going to sleep again, when Bunty said.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily! Do try some of these turnip jam tarts! They're wonderful!"

'Oh, yes, jam tarts!" stammered the rabbit gentleman, awakening suddenly. However, he managed to eat a tart and he was almost asleep again when Bunty suddenly saids:

'Oh, Uncle Wiggily, will you please pass the rose leaf ice cream to Arabella Chick!"

'Why, certainly," said Uncle Wiggily, and he wondered if he would ever get a nice, quiet nap, such as he had counted on. After he had passed Luiu Wibblewobbre some corn meal pudding the rabbit gentleman dozed off again, but he was suddenly awakened when Baby Bunty cried.

'Oh, here they are! Here they come! Oh, look, everybody!"

'My goodness me sakes alive and some fire engines!" cried Mr. Longears, waking up so suddenly that he spilled some carrot marmalade on his red vest. "What's the matter, Baby Bunty?" Is it the Pipsisewah and the Skuddlemagoon come to spoil your "Why, no," answered the little rab-Bunty was delighted to have a

saby Bunty was delighted to have a ty. She danced around the hollow ty. She danced around the hollow ty. She danced around the hollow mp bungalow and put on her best en yellow pink hair ribbon, making cle Wiggily tle it for her. You're a dear, good, old Uncle Wiggily state of the party, won't you?" You'll come to party, won't you?"
Yes, but I just want to sit on a soft mp and watch you and the other mal children play," spoke Mr. Longss. "I'm getting too old and stiff for ties!"

ties!"
We'll see about that!" spoke Baby
nty, with a funny little laugh
urse Jane made the jam tarts, she
sted the cakes and she put fancy
nmings on the copkies and pies.
Now everything is ready for your
ty!" said the mskrat lady to Baby
nty. "Have you invited all your
mds?"

nty. "Have you invited all your nds?"
Tes, and Uncle Wiggily, too," said little rabbit girl, who was once and asleep in a hollow stump.
The little party tables were set out der the grane vine, in the shade. Style of the grane vine, in the shade. Style on along came Sammie and sie Littletail, the rabbits; Johnnie de Hille Bushytail, the squirrels; Luince and Jimmie Wibblewobble, the cas, and many others.
Now, everybody sit down!" invited by Bunty, when they had gathered by Bunty, when they had gathered sund the tables, filled with good ngs. "Welcome to my party! Uncle giglly, will you sing a little song."
Incle Wigglly, who wore his newest i vest, looked surprised But still he ag a song about once there was a

Estrelda Arrives. pyright, 1919, by the McClure News-paper Syndicate.)

paper Syndicate.)

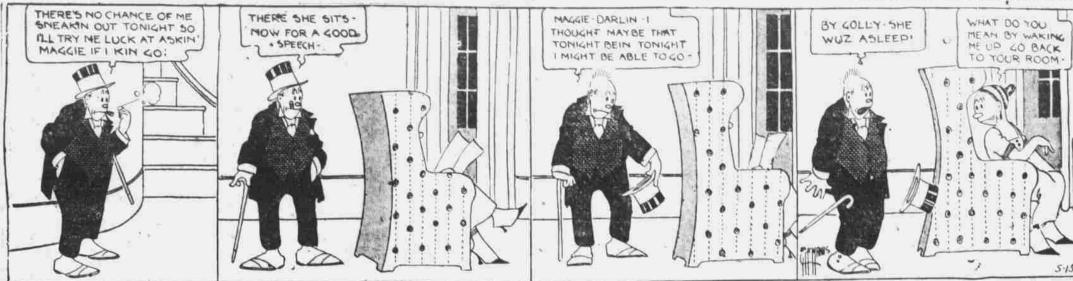
Waddeli waited in the main lobby the Plaza for Estrelda, little dreamof the ordeal in store for As a matter of fact he had not a wide experience with suburbaniers. He was an unmarried man "an eye for the ladles," an eye in truth, had been educated until as well nigh that of a connelsaeur, catrelda's case her robust attrachad overbalanced Mr. Waddell's meet. In his innermost conscious.

WHO'S TO BLAME

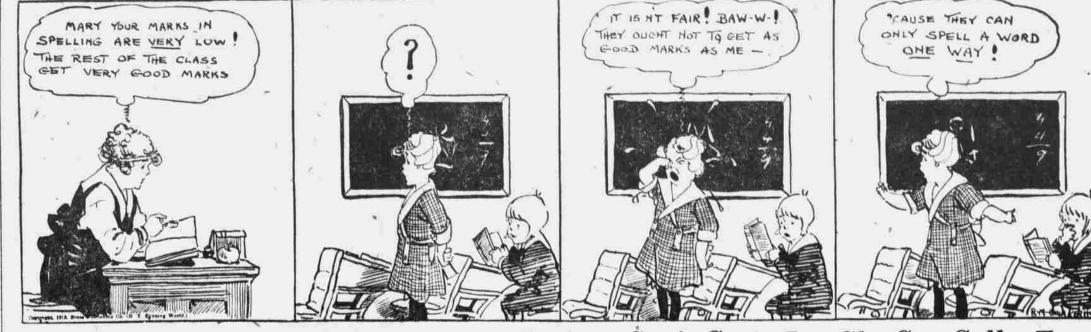
ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON.

Not even a bird could fly far on painted wings.

## Bringing Up Father—By George McManus



LITTLE MARY MIXUP-Mary Feels That Versatility Should Count!



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—Maybe Tapioca Can't Cook, But She Can Call a Turn



JOE'S CAR-Once Again Ed Hands Joe the Old Razzberry!

WELL, I'LL SAY IT'S A BARGAIN

AT THAT PRICE JOE! A SHAP!



a bird could fly far on painted wings.

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For, it's always fair weather When good fellows Get together. With a still in the cellar And a tobacco garden In the backyard-

This spring weather certainly is enervating. The other day we saw diceman chasing a burglar and they were both walking.

Artemus Young and Ellis O. Jones have started a magazine called Good night!

HO, YOU DYSPEPTICS!

MANICURE INSIDE.

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . -Sign in Window.

THE MANICURING CRAZE REACHES BAILEYTOWN. While holding a pair of these new-fashioned manicure shears in hand while taking off his collar, Charles Morton badly cut himself

the neck.—Baileytown (W. Va.) Times-Herald, THE LIVING PAST.

"'La passe' n'est pas une chose morte."
The past is not a dead thing, ah, how true! Though in a rose jar we would lay it by And from each passing morn pluck blossoms new That in their turn at last must fade and die, The past still lives; its tendrils creep and clasp About our lives for evermore and hold Our days and hours within their tender grasp 1.1ke chains of steel or links of heaten gold. Whether for weal or woe we still must keep The joy, the grief that seasons dark or bright Have brought us, till across time's vasty deep Like a smile breaking through a shower of tears, God's shining promise spans the cloudy years.

VERSATILE.

Mr. and Mrs. James Snider, of Evansville, visited relatives here the st 10 days. All who were in their company enjoyed them hugely, for s. Snider is well read in flower culture and politics.—Kentucky State

"What Shall Be the Seat of the League of Nations?" asks a lead-Doesn't seem as though it should be anything less than leather or

contributor calls our attention to the alleged fact that not a cork



HERE COMES ED! IF HE

BUYING MY CAR . I'M GONNA

TELL HIM WHERE HE GETS

OFF - TH' DARN CHEAP SKATE

STARTS KIDDING ME ABOUT

HE'LL BE eighty years old. BUT YOU wouldn't guess it. BY TWENTY years. AND HE has for a business. AN EMPLOYMENT agency. AND I saw his sign. IN A suburban town NEAR WHERE we live. AND WE wanted a girl. TO WORK in our home. AND I went in.
AND WE grew to be friends. IN A very few minutes. AND THAT'S how it happened. I LEARNED bis age. AND WHEN I left. HE HAD promised me. HE WOULD find a girl. IN'A day or two.

AND THE very next day. I CALLED again. AND HE had good news. HE'D FOUND a woman. THAT WOULD fill the bill. A VERY fine woman. OF MIDDLE age. AND HE'D send her out ON THE early car. ON THE following day. AND I hurried home. AND TOLD my wife. AND SHE was pleased. AND IN the morning. WE WATCHED the road. THAT LEADS to our house AND ALL we saw. WAS AN aged woman. BENT AND gray. AND UNDER her arm

AND QUESTIONED her AS TO whom she sought AND SHE showed me a paper. AND WRITTEN in ink. WAS MY 9wn name. AND I took her in. AND UP the steps. AND WAITED a moment. TILL HER breath came back. AND HEARD her say. THE EMPLOYMENT man. HAD SENT her out. AND WE talked it over. AND SHE agreed. THAT SHE wouldn't do. AND I drove her home. AND HELPED her up. THE FLIGHT of steps. THAT LEAD to her house. AND A little white later.
THE EMPLOYMENT man.
WITH HIS eighty years. WAS INSISTING to me. THAT ANY woman

A PAPER package.

TIED WITH string.

AND I hurried out.

AND TOOK her arm.

SAY JOE - I'VE BEEN THINKIN'

ABOUT THE OFFER Y'MADE ME

ON YOUR CAR YESTERDAY!

WELL?

WHO WAS sixty years old. WAS JUST middle-aged. AND ME danced a lig. AND SHE seemed confused, ON HIS office floor. AND APPEARED to be lost JUST TO prove to me THAT EIGHTY Years. WASN'T SO darn old.



## HOROSCOPE

FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1919. (Copyright, 1919, by the McClure News paper Syndicate.)

paper Syndicate.)

Astrologers rend this as an uneventual day. Early in the morning Neptune rules strongly for good.

Clearing of mental vision is denoted in the aspect, which seems to indicate a very gradual moderation in the extremes of public sentiment.

Strikes are still foretold, but Neptune presages an increased tendency for both employers and employes to seek arbitration.

From this date on better understanding of the fact that a new era hascome is prognosticated. The stars foreshadow a general mental readjustment in which it will be recognized that social changes have not been confined to Europe.

The evening of this day his rather an unfavorable time for writing. Contracts should not be signed during this rule.

Socialistic agitation is believed to

is foreshadowed, but care should be exercised to avoid scandal.

Children born on this day are likely to be impressionable and temperamental. These subjects of Taurus often show extremes of mood. Venus is their principal ruling planet.

- IF I RUN ONTO ANY ONE

THAT'S LOOKIN' FOR A SHAP

I'LL TELL EM ABOUT IT!

NEEDS BREAKFAST FOOD.

Lithmania needs breakfast foods. Its abies, whose food supply has been cut off during retreats and advances of Russian and German armies during the war, are asking for all the cereals which are so picturesquely advertised in our public carvavanseries. Ordinarily a fruitful country this Balthe state, which is asking America to knock at the door of the peace conference for her, is now in a condition of agricultural poverty. Lithuania needs seed wheat, fertilizers and baby food, and will pay for them. off during retreats and advances of

PLANTS NEED DRINKS.

